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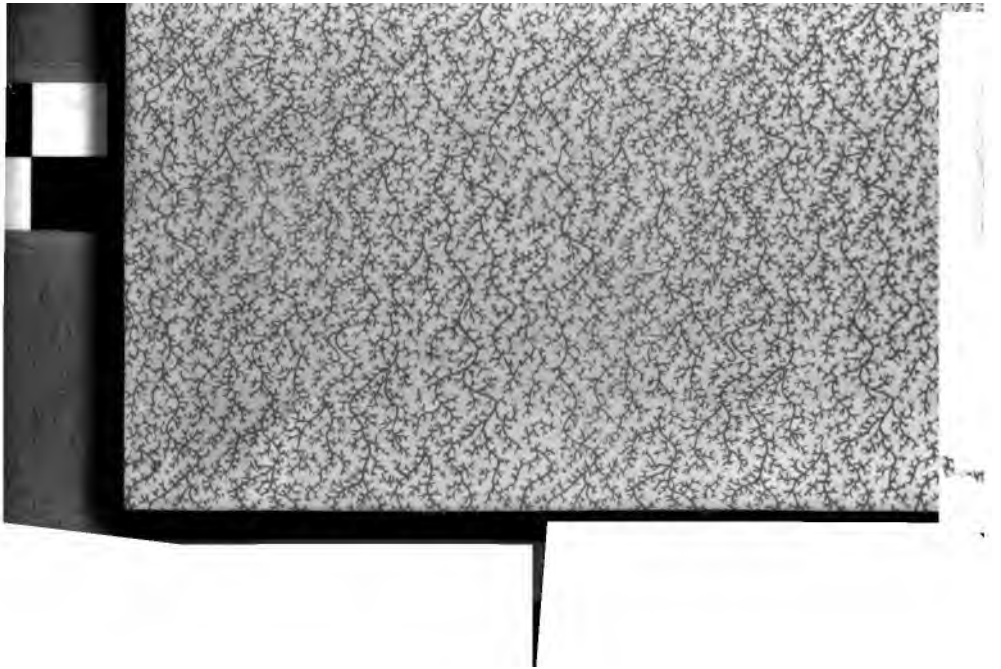

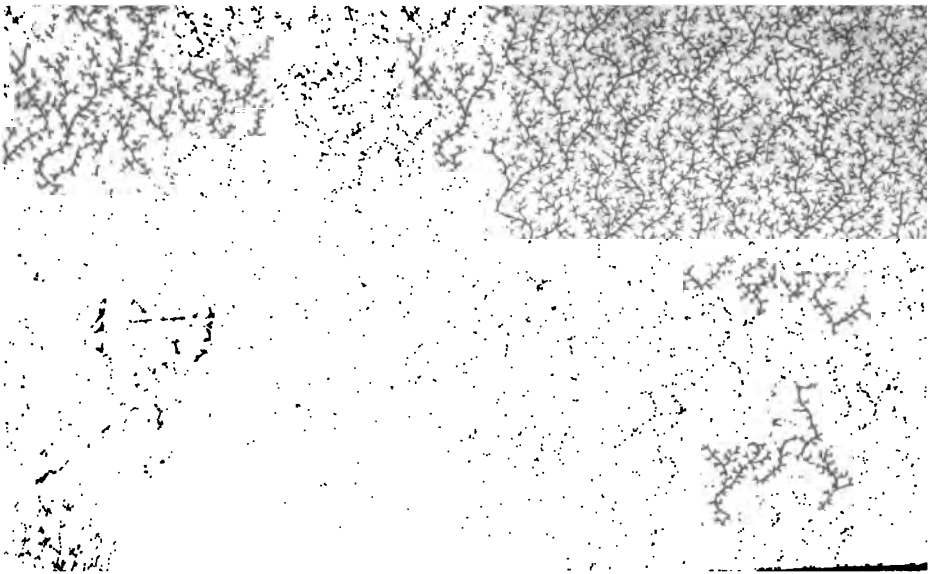

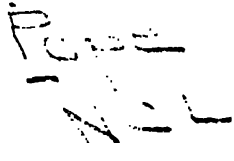

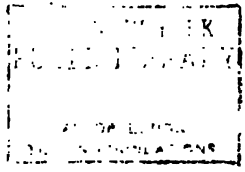

W. Baines Sculp

Then gnawd his Pen then dashd it on the ground
Sinking from thought to thought a vast profound

NY FA
1/15-11.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. IV.

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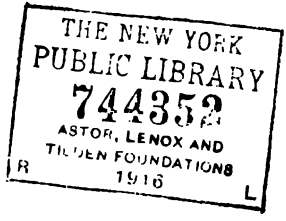
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THE

DUNCIAD.

BY

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM THE

TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, in Three Books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourable as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these *two months* past, the town has been persecuted with *pamphlets*, advertisements, letters, and weekly essa

not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had *detained* the publication; since those names whic *are its chief ornaments* die off daily so fast, as mu

render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say; and, which is a great pity, there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:.....

> "Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> "Duncia!"

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of *Homer the Iliad*, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens

the Lusiad, we may pronounce could l
can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubl
with respect to its nature, which, ac
best rules of the ancients, and stricte
moderns, is critically such; but also
the heroical disposition and high coura
ter, who dared to stir up such a formid
and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in cl
the names in the poem, by the inevita
some authors, and insertion of others i
for, whoever will consider the unity of
sign, will be sensible that the poem wa
these authors, but these authors for the
judge that they were clapped in as they
fresh, and changed from day to day; i
as when the old boughs wither we thru
to a chimney.

I would not have the reader two mu
anxious if he cannot decypher them; s
shall have found them out, he will prol
more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve
are, than to change them for fictitic

which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. sir R. B.? &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which happens to be that of a real person.

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To the first edition with notes, in quarto, 1729

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, t the reader has here a much more correct and c plete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appea I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt to it, but a vast number of others will be preventec the names being now not only set at length, but ju fied by the authorities and reasons given. I mak doubt the author's own motive to use real rather t feigned names, was his care to preserve the inno from any false application; whereas, in the for editions, which had no more than the initial letters was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inof sive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friend an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was me from several hands, and, consequently, m unequally written; yet will have one advanta *most commentaries,* that it is not made upo *tures, or at a remote* distance of time; and t

cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of queen Anne and king George,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: hi manner is well enough known, and approved by al but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratif those who either never read, or may have forgotte them; together with some of the parodies and allu sions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, fron the frequency of the former, any man think the poen too much a canto, our poet will but appear to hav done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in ear nest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and man of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly value themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the first edition of the fourth book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking the survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only *incorrect* but *unfinished.* That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that "The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:" and, from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that "The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad." But whether or no he be *the* author of this we declare ourselves *ignorant.* If he be, we are no more to be blamed for

the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*; which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

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To the complete edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting, of a more serious kind, to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of im

proving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author; this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

ADVERTISEMENT

PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they had looked upon them as an abuse; we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, chaos, night, and dulness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet: for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyssey X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv, doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave an example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and *his understanding* and sentiments no less quaint and *strange (indeed if* not more so) than any of the actors

of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been dunce the first; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a *Margites*, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way there was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creating *such authors, namely,* dulness and poverty; the *with them, the other* contracted by neglect or

proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory (as the construction of epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce: then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them; and (above all) that self-opinion which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of chaos and night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name. He finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, *the dark* and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; *assigning to each* some proper name or other, such as *e could find.*

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, "so many silly flies;" but adds, "our author's wit is "remarkably more bare and barren whenever it "would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other per-"son whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctioned by ancient and classical authority, (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up,) yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on *all neoterics*, a strict imitation of the ancients, *insomuch that any* deviation, accompanied with wha

ever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself: yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty:* for at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred. True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is *far* otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. *Rymer and Mr.* Dennis, who beginning with criti*cism, became afterwards* such poets as no age hath

aralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our uthor choose to write his essay on that subject at wenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great nd wonderful work of the Dunciad.

P.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them that, in the greater *epic, the prime* intention of the muse is to exalt *heroic virtue, in* order to propagate the love of it

among the children of men; and, consequently, that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of this poetic world, whence every thing is to to receive life and motion: for this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight: for sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these sons of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et 'injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus 'enim diversis, ut in utramque partem moveri necesse 'est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et 'malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. 'Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et 'malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither "are they delighted with the good and just: for con-"trary objects must either excite contrary affection

" or no affections at all. So that he who loveth g
" men must at the same time hate the bad; and
" who hateth not bad men cannot love the good;
" cause to love good men proceedeth from an aver
" to evil, and to hate evil men from a tendernes
" the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose
little epic, (more lively and choleric than her el
sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to
flegmatic) and for this some notorious vehicle of
and folly was sought out to make thereof an exam
an early instance of which (nor could it escape
accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic p
affordeth us. From him the practice descended
the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who, in
composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pie
were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. H
pily one of these ancient Dunciads, as we may
term it, is come down unto us, amongst the trage
of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader
pose may be the subject thereof? Why, in tr
and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest o
old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the hea
directed favourite of Minerva; who, after ha
quietly borne all the monster's impious and obs
ribaldry, endeth the farce, in punishing him with
mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May
not then be excused if, for the future, we conside

cs of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with
s our poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the
t worthily holdeth the place or station of the sati-
piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been
g, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question,
ether the hero of the greater epic should be an
iest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un*
inete homme; but it never admitted of any doubt
: that the hero of the little epic should be his very
posite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad,
may observe how much juster the moral of that
:m must needs be, where so important a question
previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor, let me add,
:ry fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There
st still exist some analogy, if not resemblance, of
alities between the heroes of the two poems; and
s, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the
ody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic.....
us it being agreed that the constituent qualities of
greater epic hero are *wisdom*, *bravery*, and *love*,
m whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth
t those of the lesser epic hero should be *vanity*, *as-*
ance, and *debauchery:* from which happy assem-
ge resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject
his our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complaisance? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let "the world," will such a one say, "impute to me "what folly or weakness they please; but till wis- "dom can give me something that will make me more "heartily happy, I am contented to be gazed at."..... This, we see, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. "The world may ask," says he, "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them." In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, "Whether it would not be vanity "in him to take shame to himself for not being a "wise man?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is

courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "His "*summum bonum* in those follies which he was not "content barely to possess, but would likewise glory "in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, "and I follow her." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his face "more known," as he justly boasteth, "than "most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or, as Shakespeare calls it, *summer-teeming lust*, and evaporates in the heat of youth, doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which

our poet somewhere speaketh of * ; but when alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth stre old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to tl epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objectio fitness for such a use ; for not only the ignora think it common, but it is admitted to be so (him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you argueth he, " to say only a man has his ' " ought to go for little or nothing? Because, " *dit numerus*, take the first ten thousand m " meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser " betted ten to one that every single sinner of " one with another, had been guilty of the " frailty." But here he seemeth not to hav justice to himself: the man is sure enough a he hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his n herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent li taking to himself the commendation, which l accounted the greatest in a theatrical chara(continuing to the very dregs the same he wa the beginning,

* Lust, through some certain strainers well re
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arb
" And has not Colley still his lord and whc
" *His butchers Henley*, his free-masons Moor

" ———Servetur ad imum
" Qualis ab incepto processerat."——

here, in justice both to the poet and the hero,
farther remark, that the calling her his whore
th she was his own, and not his neighbour's,
a commendable continence! and such as Scipio
lf must have applauded: for how much self-de-
as exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore!
hat disorders must the coveting her have occa-
l in that society, where, according to this po-
calculator, nine in ten of all ages have their
bines!

: have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone
gh the three constituent qualities of either hero;
is not in any, nor in all these, that heroism pro-
or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather
the collision of these lively qualities against one
er. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery and love,
h magnanimity, the object of admiration, which
aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, im-
ıce, and debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the
e of ridicule, that " laughing ornament," as the
r well termeth it, of the little epic.

: is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be
ned!) of this character, who deemeth that not
, but risibility, distinguished the human speci

from the brutal. "As nature," saith this profe
philosopher, "distinguished our species from the r
"creation by our risibility, her design must have b
"by that faculty, as evidently to raise our happir
"as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift
"dignity of our form above them." All this c
dered, how complete a hero must he be, as we
how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barel
his muscles, as in the common sort, but, as hin
informeth us, in his very spirits! and whose *os sub*
is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head
should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, sa
belong to the late king of Sweden.

But whatever personal qualities a hero may h
the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us tha
these are of small avail without the constant assist
of the gods; for the subversion and erection of
pires have never been adjudged the work of r
How greatly soever then we may esteem his higl
lents, we can hardly conceive his personal pro
alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of
ness. So weighty an achievement must require
particular favour and protection of the great, v
being the natural patrons and supporters of letter
the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be dr
off, and engaged in another interest, before the t
subversion of them can be accomplished. To

unt, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we ve, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and imado of the great. And look of what force ancient ety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas; at, and much stronger, is modern incense to engage e great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out is noble imp of fame. But now the impatient ader will be apt to say, if so many and various aces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall ffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who eth not, in every trace of this picture, that indivi- al, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare rtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet d concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest rmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itself, ight be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by cannot tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it is not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious ror most of all concerned: for no sooner had the irth book laid open the high and swelling scene, t he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he me to the words,

"Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,"

ough *laureat imply* no more than one crowned with *rel, as befitteth* any associate or consort in empir

he loudly resented this dignity to violated
Indeed not without cause, he being there rep
as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of
which, like that of Jove, should never doze n
ber. " Ha! (saith he) fast asleep it seems!
" little too strong. Pert and dull at least y
" have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as a
However, the injured laureat may comfort
with this reflection, that though it be a sleep,
not the sleep of death, but of immortality.
will live at least, though not awake, and in
condition than many enchanted hero before h
famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like
into a long slumber by Merlin the British barc
cromancer; and his example for submiting t
a good grace might be of service to our hero
disastrous knight, being sorely pressed or d
make his answer by several persons of qual
replied with a sigh, " Patience, and shuffle the

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not
sacred or perfect things either of religion or
ment, can escape the stings of envy, methir
ready hear these carpers objecting to the cle
our hero's title.

It would never, say they, have been estee
ficient to make a hero for the Iliad of Æ
Achilles was brave enough to overturn one

Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess born, and princes bred. What then did this author mean by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person "Never a hero even on the stage") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this, we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:* "That every man is the carver of his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him," saith he, "but fancy himself capable of high things, "and he will of course be able to achieve the high-"est." From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition; to Henry IV of France, for honest policy; to the first Brutus, for love of liberty; and to sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amuse

ments; to Horace, Montaigne, and sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired; to two lord chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the lord bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the revolution face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themselves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes*. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this revolution, and was a gossip at her christening with the bishop and the ladies.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote,

* "Old battle-array in confusion is fled,
"*And olive*-rob'd peace is come in his stead," &c.
Cibber's *Birth*, or New Year's Day Ode.

and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement, even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester..... And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection, of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and "hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if "Solon said well,

"——ultima semper
"Expectanda dies homini: diesque beatus
"Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:

"*That no man* could be called happy till his death. "*surely much less* can any one, till then, be pr

" nounced a hero ; this species of men being far more " subject than others to the caprices of fortune and " humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will, we hope, be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. " Nature," saith he, " hath " amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which " neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wis- " dom, will ever persuade me to part with." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it ; but he telleth us plainly, " My superiors, per- " haps, may be mended by him ; but, for my part, I " own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as " the best part of my fortune." And with good reason ; we see to what they have brought him !

Secondly, as to Buffoonery, " Is it," saith he, " a time " of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set " up a new character ? I can no more put off my fol- " lies than my skin : I have often tried, but they stick " too close to me ; nor am I sure my friends are dis- " pleased with them, for in this light I afford them " *frequent* matter of mirth," &c. &c. Having then *so publicly* declared himself incorrigible, he is be *come dead in law*, I mean the law Epopeian, as

devolveth upon the poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowelled and embalmed for posterity.

Nothing therefore, we conceive, remaineth to hinder his own prophesy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "My dulness will find somebody to do it right."

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
"Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus."

BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, *We have revised this piece; where, finding the style and appellation of* KING *to have been given to a certain* pretender, pseudo-poet, *or* phantom, *of the name of* TIBBALD; *and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on* majesty, *or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the* crown of poesy: *We have ordered the said* pretender, pseudo-poet, *or* phantom *utterly to* vanish *and* evaporate *out of this work; and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the* LAUREATE himself. *And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.*

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain haberdashers of points and particles, *being instigated by the spirit of* pride, *and assuming to themselves the name of* critics *and* restorers, *have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our* glorious ancestors, poets of this realm, *by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base alloy, or otherwise falsifying the same, which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine, the said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or* in any sort related *to such poets, to all or any of them:* Now We, *having carefully revised this our* Dunciad, * *beginning with the words* The mighty mother, *and ending with the words* buries all, *containing the entire sum of* one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, *declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to*

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the "word books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of one thou- "sand seven hundred and fifty-four verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines," such being the initials and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this *poem.*

be authentic: and do therefore strictly enjoin, and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, *or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them.* And *We do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow* this our example, *which we heartily wish our great predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses:* provided always, *that nothing in this declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any poem or poet whatsoever.*

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, mayor.

Thou art to know, reader, that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author, though living, and not blind: the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the *editor of* Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton him-

;ave but ten books, his editor twelve: this author gave books, his editor only three. But we have happily justice to both, and presume we shall live, in this our abour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTLEY.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a lord mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described, pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and, making first his solemn prayer and declaration, purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulè. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the poet-laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are subject, that the justice of their resentment is not always rightly understood; for the calumnies of dull authors being soon forgotten, and those whom they aimed to injure not caring to recal to memory the particulars of false and scandalous abuse, their necessary correction is suspected of severity unprovoked. But in this case it would be but candid to estimate the chastisement on the general character of the offender, compared with that of the person injured. Let this serve with the candid reader in justification of the poet, and, on occasion, of the editor.

This *poem was* written in the year 1726. In the next *year an imperfect* edition was published at Dublin, and

You, by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first;

REMARKS.

printed at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and an
ther at London in octavo; and three others in twelves t
same year: but there was no perfect edition before that
London in quarto, which was attended with notes. W
are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was pr
sented to king George II and his queen, by the hands
sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728—9.

Schol. Ve

It was expressly confessed in the preface to the first e
tion, that this poem was not published by the author hi
self. It was printed originally in a foreign country. A
what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunder
where finding blanks only instead of proper names, the
blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to t
hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a d
covery who he really was. We learn from the former e
tor, that this piece was presented by the hands of sir Rob
Walpole to king George II. Now the author directly te
us, his hero is the man

——who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prin
conferred the honour of the laurel.

Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

REMARKS.

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the great in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him,

Still dunce the second reigns like dunce the first.

Bentley.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm acquires
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her thron
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the black recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town:

REMARKS.

v. 31.—*by his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr. Caius Gabr Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues *the lunatics over* the gates of Bedlam hospital were do *by him, and, as* the son justly says of them, are no ill m *numents of his* fame as an artist.

Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence journals, medleys, merc'ries, magazines:
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling's sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes:

There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similies unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted vallies of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud compelling queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.)

low night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
ut liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.
ow may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
et eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
hile pensive poets painful vigils keep,
eepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
uch to the mindful queen the feast recalls
hat city swains once sung within the walls;
uch she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
id sure succession down from Heywood's days.
e saw with joy the line immortal run,
ch sire imprest and glaring in his son:
watchful bruin forms, with plastic care,
ch growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

REMARKS.

. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle s poet to the city of London. His office was to compose rly panegyrics upon the lord mayors, and verses to be ken in the pageants; but that part of the shows being length frugally abolished, the employment of city-poet sed; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor that place.

. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whose interludes were printed the time of Henry VIII.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

REMARKS.

v. 103. —*old Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine.

A great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of de Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

" —One lately did not fear
" (Without the muses' leave) to plant verse here.
" But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
" Rymes, as e'en set the hearer's ears on edge;
" Written by William Pryn, esquire, the
" Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three,
" Brave Jersy muse! and he's, for his high style,
" Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle."

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.

v. 104. *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden, poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act and be a coxcomb with success.

REMARKS.

his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurel'd bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

v. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Ahithophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand; which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.

v. 109. *Bayes form'd by nature*, &c.] It it is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: "*Pert and dull* at least you might have allowed me. "*What! am I only* to be dull, and dull still, and again

Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
Blanch'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dasht it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.

REMARKS.

"and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, or believe "that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than "he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely "to show his *wit*, or for some *profit* or *lucre* to himself." Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to show his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, though in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for by G—, I'll write prose.
Poor Colley! thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.

Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

REMARKS.

v. 141. *Ogilby the great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, "*from a late initiation* into literature, made such a progress

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

" as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending " into the world so many large volumes! His translations " of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such ex- " cellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his " works) he printed them all on special good paper, and " in a very good letter." *Winstanley*, Lives of Poets.

v. 142. *There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] " The duchess of Newcastle was one who busied " herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to " posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious en- " deavours." *Winstanley, ibid.* Lanbaine reckons up eight folios of her grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

v. 146.—*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, (though *more succesful)* in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, *which is yet alive:* Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and

But high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

REMARKS.

Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick istian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and idora, Cæsar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. roome was a serving-man of Ben. Jonson, who once icked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast enes of his master's not entirely contemptible.

v. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV, ichard III, and Henry VII. Wynkyn de Worde, his ccessor, in that of Henry VII and VIII.

v. 163.] Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous mmentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed 1472.

v. 154.] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called *translator-general* of his age. The books alone of his

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of ample size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise;
A hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
Then he, great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:
O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;

REMARKS.

" *turning into* English are sufficient to make a country g
" *tleman* a complete library." *Winstanley.*

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?

Or bidst thou rather party to embrace !
(A friend to party thou, and all her race ;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist ;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal ?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of tories ?
Hold.....to the minister I more incline ;
To serve his cause, O queen ! is serving thine.
And see ! thy very gazetteers give o'er ;
Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains ? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness to the 'squire so dear ;
This polished hardness that reflects the peer ;
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights ;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's ;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreath my crown ;
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
O born in sin, and forth in folly brought !
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd ; (your father's fault ;)
Go, purify'd by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny !
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire!
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:

REMARKS.

v. 231.—*gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pass.*] It was a practice so to give the daily Gazetteer, and ministerial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer,) and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

v. 233.—*with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward "Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but "best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of "late years kept a public house in the city, (but in a gen-"teel way,) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor, "(ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, "especially those of the high-church party." *Jacob*, Lives of Poets, vol. II, p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the plantations. Ward, in a book called Appollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.

v. 238, 240.—*Tate—Shadwell.*] Two of his predecessors *in the laurel.*

Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
And twice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
Th' op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rouz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatcht a sheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls,
And here she plan'd th' imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd future, old reviv'd, new piece,
Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

v. 286. *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney *(says Mr. Jacob)* of Sittenburn in Kent. [illegible]

The goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl,)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again.
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;

REMARKS.

thor of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called The Censor, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one "Hight Whachum, who, from an under spur-leather to the "law, is become an under-strapper to the play house, who "hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a "vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an im "pertinent paper called The Censor." *Dennis*, Rem. o Pope's Homer, p. 9, 10.

v. 286. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell," if we credit Mr J cob, "did go to school in Leicestershire, where someb "left him something to live on, when he shall retire fi "business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge "order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be plac "an office of accounts in the city, being qualified fo "same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the nec "hands. He has obliged the world with many transl "of French plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets,

re no critics damn, no duns molest,
retched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
-born Howard, more majestic fire,
of quality complete the quire.
ber! thou his laurel shalt support;
son, has still a friend at court.
our gates, ye princes, see him come!
und, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
ing the madding bay, the drunken vine,
ping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
n'd with points, antitheses, and puns.

REMARKS.

ildon.] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and
e last age, bred at St. Homer's with the Jesuits;
cing popery, he published Blount's books against
of Christ, the oracles of reason, &c. He signa-
lf as a critic, having written some very bad plays;
P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet
: of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another
New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, en-
Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes.

loward.] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the
nces, and a great number of wonderful pieces, ce-
the late earls of Dorset and Rochester, duke of
n, Mr. Waller, &c.

Let bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep as at an ode of thine!"
She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat;
God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;

REMARKS.

v. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame and very religious in her way, whose constant prayer it wa that she might "get enough by her profession to leave i "off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fat was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pil lory, she was, to the lasting shame of all her great friend *and votaries, so ill* used by the populace, that it put an en *to her days.*

Back to the devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save king Log!

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced w
public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted
the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but, for greater honour,
the goddess in person, in like manner as the games Pitl
Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the go
and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Oc
sey XXIV, proposed the prizes in honour of her son Ac
les. Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is
just, with their patrons and booksellers, The goddes
first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the bc
sellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which t
contend to overtake. The races described, with their di
accidents. Next the game for a poetess. Then follow
exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving:
first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the
cond of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profou
dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics,
goddess proposes, with great propriety, an exercise, no
their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of
voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in pr
deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effect
which, with the several degrees and manners of their
ration, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of
tics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall
asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,

REMARKS.

v. 2. ——*or Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside, as himself expressed it, the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from *the Iliad, or the* Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts *rimees of Sarazin.*

Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills the antichrist of wit.

REMARKS.

v. 15. *Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses *without number. Paulus Jovius*, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in *his Prolusions.*

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots:
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now, so Anne and Piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call;
(The field of glory is a field for all):
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize:
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless idol, void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame:
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,
"This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl: "Behold that rival here!

REMARKS.

v. 53. But lofty Lintot.] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes.

v. 58. Stood dauntless Curl.] We now come to a character *of much respect*, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain *repetition of* great actions is the best praise of them, we

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell," he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
And left legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:

REMARKS.

shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these, he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

v. 70. —*Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. T——, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold *them, without the* consent of either of those gentlemen, to

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop;)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.

A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat, two spacious vents appear;
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:

REMARKS.

Curl, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He discovered he to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take thi opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those let ters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as ver trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judg *ments of men* and books, and only excusable from the youth *and inexperience* of the writer.

All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servants call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where th' tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;

Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid taylor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior:
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run; delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.

REMARKS.

v. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those pers whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned.

v. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These aut being such whose names will reach posterity, we shal give any account of them, but proceed to those of wh is necessary. Besaleel Morris was author of some s on the translators of Homer, with many other things ed in newspapers. "Bond writ a satire against M "Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, a "nious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P. & "Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," sa *Key, p. 11.*

v. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers *ers of much anonymous stuff.*

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone;
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from duchesses and lady Marys;)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:

REMARKS.

v. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's. The ambiguity of the word *Joseph*, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.

v. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called the Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and, at the same time, wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ibid. —*and Concanen Swift.*] In the first edition of this

So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old or Dunton's modern bed:
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:

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poem there were only asterisks in this place; but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.

v. 144. —*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the duke of Devonshire and the bishop of Peterborough, &c.

v. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called The Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned king James II to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death.—*He lived to* the time of queen Anne.

There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! he cried, what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

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v. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-post, and Post-boy, two scandalous papers, on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.

v. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

v. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood: this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, called The Court of Carimania, and The New Utopia. For the Two Babes of Love, see Curl, Key, p. 22. *But whatever reflection* he is pleased to throw upon this *lady, surely it* was what from him she little deserved, w

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China jorden let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife;
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife.)

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had celebrated Curl's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted "with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness "with which he considered the errors of his fellow-crea- "tures, that, though she should find the little inadvertencies "of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it "would be done in such a manner as she could not but ap- "prove." Mrs. Haywood's Hist. of Car. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

v. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes, in 12mo. with her picture thus dressed up before them.

v. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-inn, *very well qualified* by his impudence to act this part; *therefore placed here* instead of a less deserving predecessor.—*This man published* advertisements for a year together,

n his manly confidence relies,
n his vigour and superior size.
Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
e, and labour'd to a curve at most.
/e's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
sign that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
ond effort brought but new disgrace,
vild meander wash'd the artist's face;
the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
) from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
tream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
m'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
nus his humble fountain scorns;
igh half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
pid waters in their passage burn.
ft as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
appy Impudence obtains the prize.
triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
he pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.

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ling to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's
t half the price: of which books he had none, but
the size of them (which was quarto) the common
n folio, without copperplates, on a worse paper, and
ove half the value.

Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jorden, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain:
Room for my lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest:
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, Fancy feels the th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

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v. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

v. 205. Bentley his mouth, &c] Not spoken of the famous *Dr. Richard Bentley*, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one

But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft giving palm.

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was intended to be dedicated to the lord Halifax, but, on a change of the ministry, was given to the earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the lord Harley.

v 207. *Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of The Triumvirate; or a Letter in Verse from Palemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praise either of a cellar or a garret. L. W. characterised in the treatise *Peri Bathous*, or the Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728.

He was also characterised under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
"That painful animal, a mole:
"Above ground never born to grow,
"What mighty stir it keeps below!

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the fast
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The queen of I
Her sister sends, her vot'ress from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his grace's secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent sports (the goddess cr
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of nc
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Johnson's
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bow

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" To make a mole-hill all this strife!
" It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
" How proud a little dirt to spread,
" Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
" Till lab'ring on, for want of eyes,
" It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book III, ver. 169.

orns and trumpets now to madness swell,
nk in sorrows with a tolling bell!
appy arts attention can command
fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
ove we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe;
this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
the loud clarion of the braying ass.
thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
nkey-mimics rush discordant in;
hatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
ise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
and dissonance, and captious Art,
p-snap short, and interruption smart,
monstration thin, and theses thick,
jor, minor, and conclusions quick.
ried the queen) a cat-call each shall win;
our merits! equal is your din!
this well-disputed game may end,
rth, my brayers, and the welkin rend.
hen the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
sick miser's triple-bolted gate,

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Norton.] See ver. 415.—J. Durant Breval, author *extraordinary* book of travels, and some poems.

For their defrauded, absent foals they r
A moan so loud, that all the guild awal
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the b
From dreams of millions, and three gre
So swells each wind-pipe; ass intones
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, an
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusi
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal no
Or such as bellow from the deep divine
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, an
thine:
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's s
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to hir
In Tot'nam-fields the brethren, with an
Prick all their ears up, and forget to gr

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v. 258.—*Webster—and Whitfield.*] The on
newspaper, called The Weekly Miscellany
field-preacher. *This* thought the only mea
religion was by the new-birth of spiritual m
the old death of fire and faggot: and theref
in this, though in no other earthly thing,
sober clergy. From the small success of th
dinary persons, we may learn how little hur
enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate
bears to lend his power to the one, in order
ing it against the other.

Long Chanc'ry lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well:
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
"A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

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v. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, *next to* Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose

Then sighing thus, "And am I now threescore? 285
"Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright:
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher. 290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

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say on Criticism, whom also, in his imitation of Boubours, called the arts of logic and rhetoric, he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45 he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304 is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that "It is as great as ever entered into "the mind of man."

v. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, *no part* agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently *demands* a person dipped in scandal, and deeply *immersed in dirty* work: whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;

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offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book I, v. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, in a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

v. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives.

v. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley, one of his brethren in enmity to Swift, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others "had revised and done for him." He was author of several *dull and dead* scurrilities in the British and London *Journals, and in* a paper called The Speculatist. In a par

If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lak
Next plung'd a feeble but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
Sits mother Osborne, stupified to stone!

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phlet, called A Supplement to the Profound, he dealt v unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to l Mr. Broome's verses, for which he might indeed seem some degree accountable, having corrected what that g tleman did, but those of the duke of Buckingham : others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused l to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was si a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he pou forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke : others; after which this man was surprisingly promotec administer justice and law in Jamaica.

v. 312. Osborne.] A name assumed by the eldest : *gravest of these* writers, who at last, being ashamed of *pupils, gave his* paper over, and remained silent.

And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are, ah no! these were the gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of scull
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.

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v. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessors. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witness a paper called The Free Briton; a dedication entitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing that he received "For Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence, out of the treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded *all the* bounds of his commission, and obliged *his honourable* patron to disavow his sentiments.

No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate and his pond'rous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mein, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in;
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,

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v. 323. *The plunging prelate*, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all in the religious, I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, *he* called it vile and malicious: as any candid man, *he said, might* understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pissa's offerings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep;
There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive," he said, "these robes which once were mine;
"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

REMARKS.

v. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the *gentlemen of* the Dunciad against our author, as will be *seen in the parallel* of Mr. Dryden and him.

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He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn;
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any god or man.
Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-know Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess, and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
"I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
"Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumber
"My H.....ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers
"Attend the trial we propose to make:
"If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
"Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
"And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
"To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
"*Judge* of all present, past, and future wit;
"*To* cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
"*Full* and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three college sophs, and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.

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v. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written "some very excellent epilogues to plays, and one small "*piece on love*, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of

Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.*
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum,
Then down are roll'd the books; stretched o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads.*
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale.

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Poets, vol. II, p. 289 But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

v. 399. *Toland and Tindall.*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the atheist's liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay, to lord Oxford. Tindal was author of The Rights of the Christian Church, and *Christianity as old* as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive *pamphlet* against earl S—, which was suppressed while yet

Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,

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n manuscript, by an eminent person, then out of the minis-
ry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This
loctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutan-
lis*, against that very person.

v. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susannah Centlivre, wife to Mr.
Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She writ
nany plays, and a song, says Mr. Jacob, vol. I, p. 32, be-
ore she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad
gainst Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it.

v. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.*] A.
Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections,
kc. William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against
he stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their
ooks were printed in 1726.

v. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer against religion, distinguished
o otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pom-
ousness of his title; for having stolen his morality from
Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself,
y the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

Ibid. *Mandeville.*] This writer, who prided himself as
nuch in the reputation of an immoral philosopher, was au-
hor of a famous book called The Fable of the Bees,
vritten to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of

Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly mu
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in st
To some fam'd round-house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fle
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat

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knaves, and christian virtue the imposition of fo
that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient, to rende
flourishing and happy.

v. 415. *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the
Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus:* one of the autho
Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. ha
time the honour to be abused with his betters, and
hired scurrilities, and daily papers, to which he neve
name.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great-Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the

ers of his own reign, now commencing. On this sub-
ettle breaks out into a congratulation, yet not unmix-
th concern, that his own times were but the types of
He prophecies how first the nation shall be over-run
farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness
be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at
then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts
iences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the fu-
ulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the
t of the fourth and last book.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

BUT in her temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;

Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,

REMARKS.

v. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the water-poet; an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence; a rare example of modesty in a poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
"And never scarce did learn my accidence;
"For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I and Charles I, and afterwards, like Edward Ward, kept an ale-house in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

v. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*; to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them.

v. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy, &c.*] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year *1692.*

And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of ligl
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

REMARKS.

v. 24. Old Bavius sits.] Bavius was an ancient poet lebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bayes by our a though not in so christian-like a manner: for heathe it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to b and detested for his evil works: *Qui Bavium no* whereas we have often had occasion to observe ou great good nature and mercifulness through th course of this poem.

v. 28.—Brown and Mears.] Booksellers, printer body. The allegory of the souls of the dull cor in the form of books dressed in calf's leather, an abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is suffici *ligible.*

v. 34.—Ward in pillory] John Ward, of W *member of* parliament, being convicted o

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in wild benighted days,
Mixt the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:

REMARKS.

first *expelled the* house, and then sentenced to the pillory, *on the 17th of* February, 1727.

All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For thus our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empires over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of their soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:

Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes the Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her grey-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n the antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See th' cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber choak'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;

See graceful Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain....Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace great goddess ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.
And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway.
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round;

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.

REMARKS.

v. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] "This gentleman is a son of a considerable maltster of "Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under "a very eminent attorney; who, between his more labo- "rious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a "great admirer of poets and their works, which has occa- "sioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in "prose the Lives of the Poets, essays, and a great many "law books, Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice, "&c." Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's *friend*, Mr. Gay.

Lo P.....p.....le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funeral frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.

REMARKS.

v. 152. *Horneck—Roome.*] These two were virulent p
ty-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would thi
prophetically; since, after the publishing of this piece,
former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and
ployment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a
lingsgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edw
Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fl
street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, wh
by malicious innuendoes, he endeavoured to represent
author guilty of malevolent practices with a great n
then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man
made the following epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes as dull as other folks,
"You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
"The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

P—p—le was the author of some vile plays and pam
lets. He published abuses on our author in a paper cal
The Prompter.

v. 153.—*Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a sat
on our author, called the Mock Æsop, and many anon
mous libels in newspapers, for hire.

Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous.....answer him, ye owls!

REMARKS.

v. 165.—*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece called Sawney, very abusive of Dr Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines alluded to a thing of his, entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's accounts of English Poets, printed in a London journal, Sept. 17, 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, "Shakespeare writ *without rules.*" He ended at last in the common sink of

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way.....and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
Behold you pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a pasquin, that a grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
"Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede thy myster wight,
On parchment scrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was re-*commended by* his friend Arnall, and received a small pit-*tance for pay.*

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark:
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.

REMARKS.

v. 199.—*lo! Henley stands, &c.*] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour.

v. 204.—*Sherlock, Hare,—Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral *letters did honour* to their country as well as stations.

Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with one, immortal one, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But "learn ye dunces! not to scorn your God."

REMARKS.

v. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, see Book II. ver. 4
Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wr
in a most insolent style, against the miracles of the gos
in the years 1626, &c.

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd.....and thus the sire:
See now what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd,)
And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders *wrought?*

Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controuls
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;
Angel of dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire,
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons shalt thou mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;

REMARKS.

v. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-Garden, was the first that excelled this way.

v. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of *the theatre in* Drury-lane.

Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.
These fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls thought long I rul'd renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it Heav'n! that thou my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before
To aid our cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move, for Faustus is our friend;
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride with Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspi
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell spouts wild fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.

See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

REMARKS.

v. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W——m Benson, surveyor of the buildings to his majesty king George I, gave in a report to the lords, that their house, and the painted-chamber adjoining, were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

v. 326. —*Ambrose Philips.*] "He was," saith Mr. Jacob, "one of the wits at Button's and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a *much* greater character we have of him in Mr. Gil-

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descen
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends.
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and transla
Proceed, great days! till learning fly the sh
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no mor

REMARKS.

don's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. 1, p. 157. "
" he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the sa
" with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he
" mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greate
" than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured t
some misunderstanding between our author and M
son, whom also soon after he abused as much. I
stant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the
ment; and in particular he was the avowed auth
report very industriously spread, that he had a h
party-paper called The Examiner; a falsehood wel
to those, yet living, who had the direction and pul
of it.

v. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's
the Hare and many friends.

v. 333. *Proceed, great days*, &c.—*Till Birch sha*
&c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this si
promiseth those days to be near at hand. "Th

Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupil's sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port.
  Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries,
And thro' th' iv'ry gate the vision flies.

REMARKS.

saith he, "licensed bishops to license masters of schools to "instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen gods, "their religion, &c. The schools and universities will soon "be tired and ashamed of classics and such trumpery." Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. *Scribl.*

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet being in this book to declare the completion of the prophesies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation: as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the genuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen just returned *from travel with* their tutors; one of whom delivers to the

goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her, at the same time, a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people, fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation..... She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds-nests, moss, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the magus, her *high priest*, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, *divine*, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adep

she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of
kinds ; confers on them orders and degrees ; and tl
missing them with a speech, confirming to each h
leges, and telling what she expects from each, cc
with a yawn of extraordinary virtue ; the progress
fect whereof on all orders of men, and the consun
of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, concl
poem.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye pow'rs, whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:

REMARKS.

v. 2. —dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.

Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;

REMARKS.

v. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, arts.

v. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal* to the destruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid. —*a new world.*] In allusion to the epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into night and chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new world, makes it partake of its original principles.

His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister, Satire, held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wep'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.
When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;

Cast on the prostrate nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:
O Cara! Cara! silence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy son shall hum or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more.....
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:

.nt a place, for all their centre found,
the goddess, and coher'd around.
:r, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
zing bees about their dusky queen.
ath'ring number, as it moves along,
a vast involuntary throng,
ıtly drawn, and struggling less and less,
er vortex, and her pow'r confess.
e alone who passive own her laws,
weak rebels, more advance her cause.
r of dunce in college or in town
: another in toupee or gown;
r of mongrel no one class admits,
th dunces, and a dunce with wits.
ısent they, no members of her state,
· her homage in her sons, the great;
se to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
us, preach his word without a call.
who sneak from living worth to dead,
l the pension, and set up the head;
lull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
rom fool to fool the laurel crown;
and worst, with all the cant of wit,
the soul, the muse's hypocrite.
march'd the bard and blockhead side by side,
m'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.

Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches prop'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling...." Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits:
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;

REMARKS.

v. 115, *&c.*] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the last edition which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as soon as sir T. H.'s Shakespeare should *be published.*

Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics, in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears,
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale-boy senator yet tinkling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.

Then thus: Since man from beast by words known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one gingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham ev'ry muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid Murray, was our boast:
How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.

ied the goddess, for some pedant reign !
tle James, to bless the land again :
the doctor's chair into the throne,
to words, or war with words alone,
nd courts with Greek and Latin rule,
the council to a grammar-school !
if Dulness sees a grateful day,
e shade of arbitrary sway.
sons may learn one earthly thing,
t that one, sufficient for a king ;
ch my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
s it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign :
my Cam and Isis, preach it long !
ht divine of kings to govern wrong."
: at the call, around the goddess roll
:s, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal :
l more thick the black blockade extends,
d head of Aristotle's friends.
thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,
Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
nch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
:e logician, still expelling Locke,

REMARKS.

still expelling Locke.] In the year 1703 there
ing of the heads of the university of Oxford,

Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thic
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgursdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch ;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark :
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest : he, kingly, did but nod ;
So upright quakers please both man and God.
Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
Avaunt.....is Aristarchus yet unknown ?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians ! know you bette
Author of something yet more great than letter ;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,

REMARKS.

censure Mr. Locke's essays on human understanding, *to forbid* the reading it. See his letters in the last ed

To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see
When men's whole frame is obvious to a flea.

REMARKS.

v. 223, 224. *Friend—Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.

v. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words: the second a minute critic; the third an author who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ah, think not, mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a Nose.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy cannon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.

REMARKS.

v. 245, 246. *Barrow—Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but *who equally* made it their care to advance the polite arts *in their* several societies.

He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker! our hat.....nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax's spectre strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus the attendant orator begun:
Receive, great empress! thy accomplish'd son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon he ne'er was boy nor man;
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'erc
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding wa
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.

ed by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
nd gather'd ev'ry vice on christian ground;
aw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
lis royal sense of op'ras or the fair;
he stews and palace equally explor'd,
ntrigued with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
ry'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
udicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
ropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
poil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
ll classic learning lost on classic ground;
nd last turn'd air, the echo of a sound!
ee now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
Vith nothing but a solo in his head;
s much estate, and principle, and wit,
s Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;

REMARKS.

v. 307. *But chief*, &c.] These two lines, in their force of nagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of ubens.

v. 308. *And Cupids ri[illegible]he lion of the deeps.*] The winged n, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore e most considerable in Europe for her naval force, and e extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carvals.

v. 326.—*Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent sons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors

Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus mor
Her too receive, (for her my soul adores;)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour
And make a long posterity thy own.
Pleas'd she accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of sl
Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
There too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee th
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

REMARK

by profession, had, each in his way, concerned th
in the education of youth, and regulated their w
morals, or their finances, at that period of their a
is the most important, their entrance into the poli
Of the last of these, and his talents for this end
I, ver. 199, &c.

She pity'd! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where basks on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he, but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.
Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his lares, tho' his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails.....I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrowded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.
Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before,
Still bears them, faithful! and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.
The goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremost, two with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries Charming! and no youth Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust;
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:

Of all the enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,

Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'
It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again,
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd :
Rose or carnation was below my care ;
I meddle, goddess ! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless butterfly.
My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done parts :
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends ;
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal mak
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd,
The dull may waken to a humming-bird ;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle kind ;

The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss:
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.
  Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause thro' nature led.

REMARKS.

v. 452.—*Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the royal society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to *fly to the moon*; which has put some volatile geniuses upon *making* wings for that purpose.

All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high Priory road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space:
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause;
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
While thro' poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.
Rous'd at his name, up-rose the browzy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;

Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down;
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame,
Then thus: from priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! ev'ry finish'd son returns to thee:
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipt in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy magus, goddess! shall perform the rest.

REMARKS.

v. 592. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he sings the *principles of* that philosophy in his drink.

With what a wizard old his cup extends,
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:

REMARKS.

v. 517 —*his cup—Whoso tastes, &c.*] The cup of self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the *yet meaner considerations* of lucre and brutal pleasures. *From ver. 520 to 528.*

But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others' int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she cast a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the syren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with spacious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine!)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

Knight lift the head; for what are crowds unc
To three essential patridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next bidding all draw near on bended knees
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the inns of court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.

REMARKS.

v. 560.—*Bladen—Hays*] Names of gamesters, is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the Sou Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afte pardoned in 1742.).—These lived with the utmost n cence at Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by *of the first quality* of England, and even by princes *blood of France.*

Then, blessing all, go children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer, the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;
The judge to dance his brother serjeant call;
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pye;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings;
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!

More she had spoke, but yawn'd.....All nature n
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G..... preach'd;)
Then catch'd the schools; the hall scarce kept aw
The convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the real
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies doz'd out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muse! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and dunces none,)
Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely bles
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;
Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and rig
wrong.....
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain.....the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!

Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

A PARALLEL

OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. DRYDEN,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense*. A true republican son of monarchical church†. A republican atheist‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last||.

In the poem called Absalom and Ahithophel, are notoriously traduced the king, the queen, the lords, and gentlemen; not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole nation and its representatives notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of majesty itself¶.

* Millbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 6. † Ib. p. 38. ‡ Ib. p. 192. || Ib. p. 8. ¶ Whip and Key, 4to. *printed for R.* Janeway, 1682. Pref.

A PARALLEL

OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. POPE,

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning*. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent†. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high-flyer‡. He is both a whig and tory||.

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments¶.

In his miscellanies, the persons abused are the king, the queen, his late majesty, both houses of parliament, the privy council, the bench of bishops, the

* Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 12. † Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Preface to Gulliveriana. || Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ¶ Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor*. His very christianity may be questioned†. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others‡. With as good a right as his holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility||.

MR. DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFIER.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified, which is all that can be said of it, with good metre¶. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a question**.

MR. DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so much admired in the Augustan age,

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 9. ‡ Ib. p. 175. || Ib. p. 39. ¶ Whip and Key, pref. ** Oldmixon, Essay *on Criticism, p. 84.*

ablished church, the present ministry, &c. To ıke sense of some passages, they must be construed o royal scandal*.

He is a popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt the sacred writings†. His religion allows him to stroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire d sword; and such were all those unhappy wits ıom he sacrificed to his accursed popish princi-:s‡. It deserved vengeance to suggest, that Mr. pe had less infallibility than his namesake at ›me||.

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that :ommend it, nor has it any other merit¶. It must owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhym-;, and writing smooth verse**.

* List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Ad-tisements, 8vo. printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the pre-e to it, p. 6. † Dennis' Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ‡ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. || Dedication to the Col-tion of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. ¶ Mist's Journal of ıe 8, 1728. ** Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on *mer.*

but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer*. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathylius, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator†. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love.....but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling muse running on carpet-ground, and shot as lightly as a Newmarket racer.....He has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expression‡.

MR. DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK NOR LATIN.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Bushby would have whipt him for so childish a paraphrase||. The meanest pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly¶. The translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity**. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not,

* Milbourn, p. 2. † Ib. p. 35. ‡ Ib. p. 22, and 102. || *Ib. p. 72.* ¶ Ib. p. 203. ** Ib. p. 78.

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene*. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge†.

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his versification.....But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expression‡.

MR. POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little||. I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in

* Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. † Ib. p. 14. ‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 17. and Remarks on *Homer, p.* 91. || Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 7

understand his author*. This shows how fit Mr. Dryden may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but ἰΐχωρ for ἰχωρ, must be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the press†. Mr Dryden writes for the court ladies.....He writes for the ladies, and not for use‡.

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated subscribers||.

MR. DRYDEN TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money: and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated name¶. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets**.

* Milbourn, p. 206. † Ib. p. 19. ‡ Ib. p. 144, 190 || *Ib. p. 67.* ¶ *Ib.* p. 192. ** Ib. p. 125.

any book of Homer with justice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek*. He has stuck so little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question†. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies‡.

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it||.

MR. POPE TRICKED HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

It is indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but it is too late to dissuade, by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raissed in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of¶. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers **.

* Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. † Suppl. to the Profound Preface. ‡ Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66. || Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. ¶ Homerides, p. 1, &c. ** British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. DRYDEN.

An Ape.] A crafty ape drest up in a gawdy gown ....Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with ....None but apish and papish brats will heed him*.

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all†.

A Frog.] Poet Squab, endued with poet Maroe's spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox‡.

A Coward.] A Clinias, or a Damætus, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage||.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I have read somewhat of John Dryden, servant to his majesty¶.

A Fool.] Had he not been such a self-conceited fool**.....Some great poets are positive blockheads††.

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden‡‡.

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 105. ‡ Ib. p. 11. || Ib. p. 176. ¶ Ib. p. 57. ** Whip and Key, pref. †† Milbourn, p. 34. ‡‡ Ibid. p. 35.

NAMES BESTOWED ON MR. POPE.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, *viz.* A. P. E. and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face*, &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass†.

A Frog.] A squab short gentleman.....a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox‡.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward¶.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty||.

A Fool.] Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer**.

A Thing.] A little abject thing††.

* Dennis's Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. † Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ‡ Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. ¶ Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. || Ib. ** Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. †† Ib. p. 8.

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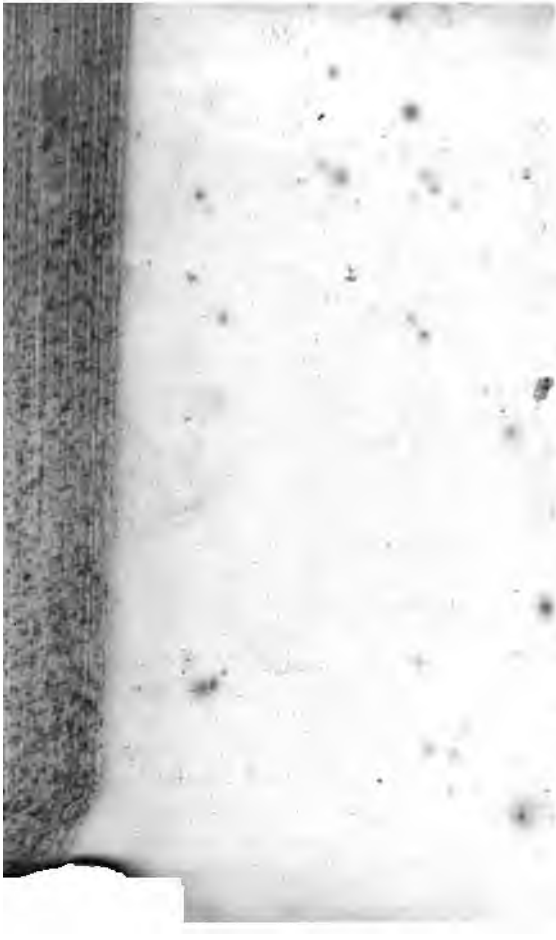
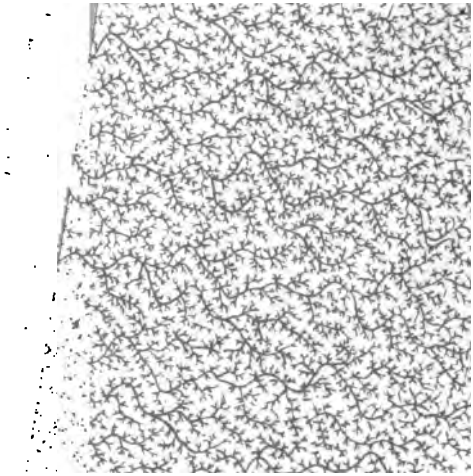
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